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The Yule log songster

London

[18--]

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PATTIE'S CHRISTMAS BOX!

THE

YULE LOG

SONGSTER.

Swearing Death
UP WITH THE STANDARD OF ENGLAND.
QUEEN & NAVY FOR EVER.
OLD SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER.
KATTY AVOURNEEN
RED, WHITE, AND BLUE
THE STANDARD BEARER
HAPPY DAYS OF YORE.
MINNIE MOORE.
OH HAD I BUT ALADAIS LAMP.
WHAT WILL YOU DO LOVE?
'TIS WORSE TEASING POLLY
THE GOOD RHINE WINE
MOLLY DEAR, OR I'M NOT MYSELF AT ALL
THE MERRY MAIDS OF ENGLAND
The Mistletoe Bough
THE RED CROSS BANNER
THE MERRY DAYS OF OLD
The Plum Pudding club
Love sick Simon
SAM HALL
Dream of the Christmas Party
Take your time young maidens
Our Rifle Volunteers
OUR NATIONAL DEFENCIES
MARY OF ARGYLE
Batchelors House warming Party
Johnny Sands
THE LOW-BACKED CAR
Bonnie Dundee
The Angels of the House
OH' AND HE LOVED ME DEARLY
MY PRETTY JANE
IN THIS OLD CHAIR MY FATHER SAT
GOOD BYE SWEETHEART, GOOD BYE
WHEN I MET THEE FIRST IN LOVE
IT WAS MY FATHER'S CUSTOM
HERE'S A HEALTH TO ALL GOOD LASSIES
CHRISTMAS CAPERS
THE HOLLY, THE HOLLY
THE SONG OF CHRISTMAS
CHRISTMAS PLUM PUDDING
THE COT WHERE I WAS BORN
Hot Codlings
MERRY CHRISTMAS
OLD CHRISTMAS IS COME
Tippitwichet
ENGLAND
JACKE. YE GIANTE KILLER

London: Pattie, 31, Paternoster-row.

TIS NO USE TEASING, POLLY.

Twas on a summer's day
I met young Polly Gray,
The pride of all the village green,
A blooming girl they say
There's [illegible] can her o[illegible]le,
She's [illegible]ert or sly:
The Qu[illegible] hearts, [illegible]ch a Queen
[illegible]ly love[illegible]olly,
[illegible] folks may call it folly,
With hearts so true, 'twixt me and you,
It's no use teasing Polly.

Yes, Polly pledged her [illegible]
To me, down by yon grove,
And ever true, you may rely,
Our plighted vows shall prove.
So lovers take your cue,
There's not a chance for you;
In faith there's no one can deny—
But that's a reason too!

One day she'll be my bride,
And I shall own with pride
The maid I won in summer time,
At sunny Whitsuntide.
Our wedding it shall be
At the church of St. Mary,
Where oft we've heard
The sweet bells chime.

WHAT WILL YOU DO, LOVE?

Written by Samuel Lover.

What will you do, love, when I am going
With white sail flowing the seas beyond?
What will you do love, when waves divide us
And friends may chide us for being fond?
Though waves divide us, and friends be chiding,
In faith abiding, I'll still be true,
And I'll pray for thee on the stormy ocean,
With deep devotion—that's what I'll do.

What will you do love, if distant tidings
Thy fond confidings should undermine?
And I abiding 'neath sultry skies,
Should think other eyes were as bright as thine?
Oh! name it not, tho' guilt and shame
Were on thy name, I'd still be true!
But that heart of thine, should another share it,
I could not bear it—what would I do?

What would you do love, when home returning
With hopes high burning, with wealth for you,
If my bark that bounded o'er foreign foam,
Should be lost near home—ah, what would you do?
So thou wert spared, I'd bless the morrow,
In want and sorrow, that left me you.
And I'd welcome thee from the wasting billow
Thy heart my pillow—there what I'd do.

THE GOOD RHINE WINE.

Pour out the Rhine wine, let it flow
Like a free and flowing river;
Till sadness sinks, and every woe
Lies dro[illegible] beneath [illegible]es for
For naught [illegible] cheer [illegible]ts that
Like a dee[illegible] deep dr[illegible]f good R[illegible]
wine[illegible]e a deep, [illegible]

Pour out [illegible]hine wine [illegible]r more,
Let the goblet ne'er be tiring,
The poet's song, and the Sage's lore,
And the patriot's lofty soul inspiring:
For [illegible]ing meet at freedom's shrine,
Is a deep, deep draught of good Rhine wine

Pour out the Rhine [illegible] when each [illegible]
Doth grasp a brimming measure;
The pledge shall be our Fatherland,
And freedom, friendship, love and pleasure
Then, hurrah for the land of the purple vine,
And a deep, deep draught of good Rhine wine. Then hurrah, &c.

THE MISSLETOE BOUGH.

The missletoe hung in the castle hall
The holly branch shone on the old oak wall,
And the baron's retainers were blyth and gay,
And keeping their Christmas holiday,
The baron beheld, with a father's pride,
His beautiful child, young Lovell's bride,
While she with her bright eyes seemed to be
The star of the goodly company,
Oh, the Missletoe bough.

"I'm weary of dancing now," she cried,
"Here tarry a moment, I'll hide—I'll hide,
And Lovell, be sure thou'rt first to trace,
The clue to my secret lurking place."
Away she ran and her friends began,
Each tower to search and each nook to scan.
And young Lovell cried, "O where dost thou hide?
I'm alone without thee mine own dear bride
Oh, the Missletoe bough.

They sought her that night, and they sought her next day,
And they sought her in vain when weeks passed away.
In the highest—the lowest—the loneliest spot
Young Lovell sough wildly but found her not
And years flew by and their grief at last
Was told as a sorrowful tale long past.
And when Lovell appear'd the children cried
See the old man weeps for his fairy bride,
Oh, the Missletoe bough.

At length, an old chest that had long lain hid,
Was found in the castle, they raised the lid,
And a skeleton form lay mouldering there,
In the bridal wreath of that lady fair.
Oh, sad was her fate—in sportive jest,
She hid from her Lord in the old oak chest—
It closed with a spring—and dreadful doom—
The bride lay clasped in her living tomb.
Oh, the missletoe bough.

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SWEARING DEATH.

Glee.—Music at all music publishers.

Swearing death to traitor slave,
Hands we clench and swords we draw,
Heaven defend the true and brave,
Vive Le Roi, Vive Le Roi.
Heaven defend the true and brave,
Vive Le Roi, Vive Le Roi.

Hearts and hands with all conspire,
Rebels threats we'll overawe,
Till life's last throb expires,
Vive Le Roi, Vive Le Roi, &c.

THE COT WHERE I WAS BORN.

I've roamed beneath a foreign sky,
Where beauteous flowers grew,
Where all was lovely to the eye,
And dazzling to the view.
I've seen them graced by night's pale tear,
Bedecked by radiant morn:
But never found a spot so dear
As the cot where I was born.

Can wealth or titles compensate
The want of friendship's glow?
Can gaudy pageants, earthly state,
So bright a gem bestow?
To me such joys are cold indeed,
They hold the heart forlorn:
Give me the spot I love so dear,
The cot where I was born.

WHEN I MET THEE FIRST IN LOVE.

Music published by Wessel.

When I met thee first in May,
From my dreams will ne'er depart,
For the germ of love that day,
Had been planted in my heart;
A bud was in the bower,
Where we heard the throstle sing
And my love was like that flower,
When first we met in spring.

When next again we met,
It was summer's glowing prime,
And my love grown stronger yet,
Took its ardours from the time;
There was fruit upon the bough,
As we watched the sun decline,
And I thought the fruit was now,
Like that ripened love of mine.

Robed in autumn's mellow suit,
Did we next that bower see,
And the blossom, and the fruit,
Had been gathered from the tree;
And I said my love alone,
Would in winter ne'er decay,
So I won thee for mine own,
As the bride I wooed in May.

THE ANGELS OF THE HOUSE

'Tis said that ever round our path
The unseen angels stray,
That give us blissful dreams by night,
And guard our steps by day.
But there's an angel in the house,
Meek, watchful, and sincere,
That whispers words of hope to us
When none beside are near!
It is the one, the chosen one,
That's linked to us for life,
The angel of the happy home,
The faithful, trusting wife.

'Tis said that angels walk the earth,
I'm sure it must be so,
When round our path, scarce seen by us,
Such bright things come and go.
Are there not beings by our side,
As fair as angels are,
As pure, as stainless, as the forms
That dwell beyond the star?
Yes, there are angels of the earth,
Pure, innocent, and mild,
The angels of our hearts and homes,
Each loved and loving child.

OH! AND HE LOVED ME DEARLY

From Miss P. Horton's Entertainment.

There was a young man came a courting of me—
Singing, "Oh! my dear, and I love you dearly"
The nicest young man as ever I did see,
Singing "Oh! and I love you dearly!"
He was so tall and he was so smart,
When he asked I to marry him it made I start,
And his words went right clean through my heart
Singing "Oh! and I love you dearly!"

Says he, "I must manage to find two pound ten,
Singing, "Oh! my dear, and I love your dearly!
And as soon as I get it, we'll be married then:
For it's oh; and I love you dearly!
'Tis to pay clerk and parson and the ring to buy."
"I've got the money in the saving-bank myself," said I;
"Will you lend it me?" "Of course I will," was my reply,
"For its oh! and I love you dearly!

When five golden sovereigns to him I lent—
Singing, "Oh! my dear, and I love you dearly!
And he showed I the ring, and I felt quite content—
Singing, Oh! and I love you dearly!
"I'll be off to the parson, at once, says he:
So he did, and got married, but it war'nt to me;
And my money nor my lover never more did I see,
And its oh; that he loved me dearly!

MORAL.

Now all you young women take a warning of me
When they say "My dear, oh! I love you dearly!
Never lend cheaps your money as I did to he—
Singing, "Oh! and I love you dearly!
If they cant find the money to buy the rings,
Who's to pay for the victuals and such like things,
For its often for your money, that's fellows sings
That its "Oh! but I love you dearly!

MARY OF ARGYLE.

I have heard the mavis singing
It's love song to the morn,
I've seen the dew-drop clinging
To the rose just newly born.
But a sweeter song has cheered me,
At the evening's gentle close,
And I've seen an eye still brighter
Than the dew-drop on the rose.
'Twas thy voice, my gentle Mary,
And thy artless winning smile,
That made this world an Eden,
Bonny Mary of Argyle.

Tho' thy voice may loose its sweetness;
And thine eyes its brightness, too,
Tho' thy step may lack its swiftness,
And thine hair its sunny hue,
Still to me wilt thou be dearer
Than all the world shall own,
I have loved thee for thy beauty,
But not for that alone!
I have watch'd thy heart, dear Mary,
And its goodness was the wile,
That has made thee mine for ever,
Bonny Mary of Argyle!

THE LOW-BACK'D CAR.

When first I saw sweet Peggy,
'Twas on a market day,
A low-back'd car she drove, and sat
Upon a truss of hay;
But when that hay was blooming grass,
And deck'd with flow'rs of spring,
No flow'r was there that could compare
With the blooming girl I sing.
As she sat in the low-back'd car,
The man at the turnpike bar
Never asked for his toll,
But just rubbed his old poll,
And look'd after the low-back'd car.

Sweet Peggy, round her car, sir,
Has strings of ducks and geese,
But the scores of hearts she slaughters,
By far outnumber these,
While she among her poultry sits,
Just like a turtle dove,
Well worth the cage, I do engage,
Of the blooming god of love.
While she sits in her low-back'd car,
The lovers come near and far,
And envy the chicken
That Peggy is picking—
As she sits in the low-back'd car.

Oh, I'd rather own that car, sir,
With Peggy by my side,
Than a coach and four, and gold galore,
And a lady for my bride;
For the lady would sit forenent me,
On a cushion made with taste,
While Peggy would sit beside me,
With my arm around her waist.
While we drove in the low-back'd car,
To be married by Father Maher,
Oh, my heart would beat high
At her glance and her sigh
Though it beat in a low-back'd car.

JOHNNY SANDS.

A man, whose name was Johnny Sands,
Had married Betty Haigh,
And tho' she brought him gold and lands
She proved a terrible plague.
For, oh, she was a scolding wife,
Full of caprice and whims,
He said that he was tired of life,
And she was tired of him.
Says he, "then I will drown myself—
The river runs below."
Says she, "pray do, you silly elf,
I wished it long ago."
Says he, "upon the brink I'll stand,
Do you run down the hill
And push me in with all your might,"
Says she, "my love I will."

"For fear that I should courage lack
And try to save my life,
Pray tye my hands behind my back."
"I will," replied his wife.
She tied them fast as you may think,
And when securely done,
"Now stand," she says, "upon the brink,
And I'll prepare to run,
And I'll prepare to run."
All down the hill his loving bride,
Now ran with all her force
To push him in—he stepped aside—
And she fell in of course.
Now splashing, dashing, like a fish,
"Oh, save me, Johnny Sands,"
"I can't, my dear, tho' much I wish,
For you have tied my hands."

BONNIE DUNDEE.

To the Lords of Convention 'twas Clavershouse spoke;
Ere the king's crown go down there are crown to be broke,
Then each cavalier, who loves honour and me,
Let him follow the bonnets of bonnie Dundee.

Come, fill up my cup—come, fill up my can,
Come, saddle my horses, and call out my men;
Unhook the west port, and let us gae free,
For it's up wi' the bonnets of bonnie Dundee.

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street;
The bells they ring backward, the drums they are beat;
But the provost (douce man) said just e'en let it be,
For the town is well rid o' that de'il o' Dundee.

There are hills beyond Pentland, and lands beyond Perth,
If there's Lords in the South, there are Chiefs in the North;
There are brave dinnie vassals, three thousand times three,
Will cry "heigh," for the bonnets of bonnie Dundee.

Then awa' to the hills, to the lea, to the rocks;
Ere I own a usurper, I'll couch with the fox—
And tremble, false whigs, in the midst of your glee,
Ye nae no seen the last o' my bonnets and

THE PLUM-PUDDING CLUB.

(Written expressly for this Work.)

A New Christmas Comic Song. J. A. Hardwick.
Air—"One Horse Shay."

Said I unto myself,
"We must not be short of pelf,
And on Christmas day perhaps minus grub;
So a sixpence I will pay
Upon every Saturday,
And thus become a member of the Pudding Club,
We were to have of round
Plums and currants each three pound,
Tea, sugar, spice, and peel, of the grocer, Bubb;
With a bottle of eau de vie,
And a bag of biscuits in,
Where they took in the cash for the Pudding Club.

We invited friends a host
To partake of our roast,
For I'm not at all a greedy cub;
We said we'd have a goose
To have a dinner spruce,
And, should find it easy through the Pudding Club.

The grocer's I did seek,
And paid in every week,
And thought very nicely we on should rub;
We didn't miss the "tanner,"
Paying it in that manner,
And I thought, what a good thing's the Pudding Club!

For fifteen weeks I paid,
Which seven-and-sixpence made,
And with glee my hands I began to rub,
To think what a good 'un
Would be our stunning pudding,
By paying in weekly to the Pudding Club.

And tea and sugar, too,
We'd plenty in view,
For the ladies to enjoy themselves all right;
At last nine bob was paid in,
And then we did begin
To get our good things to long for, the coming night.

Well, we bought a bit of beef,
And a goose, and, in brief,
Spent nearly all our cash on the dinner grub,
Thinking all the other right
Because we'd paid up quite
Our subscription weekly to the Pudding Club.

Early on the Christmas Eve
My work I did leave,
And me and spouse trudged off to grocer Bubb,
With a basket and a bag,
To carry home the swag
We'd paid for regular in the Pudding Club.

But what was our amaze,
When outside we did gaze
At the shop shut up, and sloped Grocer Bubb?
Full a couple of hundred more
Poor victims round the door
Had come for their goods in the Pudding Club.

We found we all were done;
The tea-dealer off had run,
With his stock of coffee, and the fragrant shrub,
The house was empty quite,
And, much to our "delight,"
We lost our nine bob in that Pudding Club.

Now, good people, if you'd save,
Don't stupidly believe
Mind, ALL are not rogues, like Grocer Bubb:
But keep your cash yourself,
In a corner of the shelf,
And don't put faith in every Pudding Club.

LOVE-SICK SIMON.

As sung by Mr. W. Critchfield.
Air,—"Lass of Richmond-hill."

My father keeps a chandler's shop,
He calls me idle monkey;
Tho' all day long and cut I hop,
I work just like a donkey;
But that's all nothing to the pain
I felt for Betsy Spriggins;
But she proved false, I'm in love again
With pretty Sally Wiggins.
Cho.—With pretty Sally Wiggins,
Pretty Sally Wiggins;
And Love-sick Simon's now in love
With pretty Sally Wiggins.

Her mother keeps a green shop, right
Opposite to Barret's;
Her skin is like the turnips white,
Her hair's as red as carrots.
Her cheeks red cabbage far excels,
Her eyes beat Betsy Spriggins;
No barley-sugar fathers sells,
Is so sweet as Sally Wiggins.

But some one or other Sally 'd steal,
Or she said, perhaps, to tease me,
Like their cabbage, I was greasy,
And turnips best would please me.
Her cruel heart from me she took,
And gave it to a pleman;
And cut me with a killing look,
Saying, Alas, poor Love-sick Simon.

SAM HALL.

As Sung by the Celebrated W. G. R.
(Music at Davidson's.)

My name it is Sam Hall, chimney sweep, chimney sweep;
I have rubb'd both great and small, chimney sweep.
My old master taught me flam,
For which I'm going to hang,
Blow his eyes.
My name it is Sam Hall, chimney sweep.

My name it is Sam Hall, chimney sweep,
At my master's beck and call, chimney sweep.
I was not fly to his game
What brought on me this shame,
Blow his eyes. My name, &c.

The fact can't be denied, chimney sweep,
I for my life was tried, chimney sweep.
And all for my wild game's sake
My neck they're going to break,
Blow their eyes. My name, &c.

I'm going up Holborn-hill in a cart,
I'm going up Holborn-hill in a cart,
And when I'm going up-stairs
Don't laugh at poor Sam's cares,
But mind your own affairs,
Bless your eyes. My name, &c.

NEW AND FAVOURITE SONGS.

MY PRETTY JANE.

My pretty Jane! my dearest Jane,
Ah, never look so shy,
But meet me, meet me, in the evening,
When the bloom is on the rye.
The spring is coming, my love,
The corn is in the ear,
The summer nights are coming, love,
The moon shines bright and clear,
Then pretty Jane, my dearest Jane,
Ah never look so shy,
But meet me, meet me, in the evening,
While the bloom is on the rye.

But name the day, the wedding day,
And I will be the man;
The lads and lasses in the town will ring,
And the village bells shall ring!—
The spring is coming, my love,
The corn is in the ear,
The summer nights are coming, love,
The moon shines bright and clear.
Then pretty Jane, &c.

IN THIS OLD CHAIR MY FATHER SAT.

In this old chair my father sat,
In this my mother smiled,
I feel their blessings on me rest,
And deem myself a child.
I feel the kiss of sheinfond dame—
Joy, joy, too bright to last!
Oh, why will cruel time remove,
Or Mem'ry paint the past!

And here, alas, when they are gone
In Beauty's own array,
A pitying angel on me shone,
To chase each grief away.
But oh, it was delusive love,
Too sweet, too pure to last,
Ah, if such dream time must remove,
Mem'ry, why paint the past!

GOOD BYE, SWEETHEART! GOOD BYE!

The bright stars fade, the morn is breaking,
The dew drops pearl each bud and leaf,
And I from thee my leave am taking,
With bliss too brief, with bliss too brief.

How sinks my heart with fond alarms,
The fear is biding in mine eye,
For time doth thrust me from thine arms,
Good bye, sweetheart! good bye! good bye!

The sun is up, the lark is soaring,
Loud swells the song of chantlcleer,
The Lev'ret bounds o'er earth's soft flooring,
Yet I am here! yet I am here!

For since night's gems from heaven did fade,
And morn to floral lips doth sue,
I could not leave thee, though I said
Good bye, sweetheart! good bye!

WILLIE WE HAVE MISSED YOU.

Oh, Willie is it you, dear one, safe home?
They did not tell me true, those who said you would not come,
I heard you at the gate and it made my heart rejoice,
For I knew that welcome footstep and that dear familiar voice,
Making music on my ear in the lonely midnight gloom,
Oh, Willie, we have missed you—welcome, welcome home.

We longed to see you nightly, but this night of all,
The fire was blazing brightly, and lights were in the hall,
The little ones were up, 'till 'twas ten o'clock and past,
Then their eyes began to twinkle, and they've gone to sleep at last;
But they listened for your voice till they thought you'd never come,
Oh, Willie, we have missed you—welcome, welcome home.

The days were sad without you, the nights long and drear,
My dreams have been about you, oh, welcome Willie dear.
Last night I wept and watched, by the moonlight's cheerless ray,
Till I thought I heard your footstep, when I wiped my tears away;
But my heart grew sad again, when I found you had not come;
Oh, Willie we have missed you—welcome, welcome home!

WHEN I DREAM THAT YOU LOVE ME

A Favourite Song. Sung by Mr. Sims Reeves.

When I dream that I love you you'll surely forgive
Extend not your anger to sleep,
For in vision alone your affections can live,
I rise and it leaves me to weep.

Then Morpheus envelope my senses in fast,
Shed o'er me, your dews not benign,
Should the dream of to-night but resemble the last,
O, what rapture sweet close is mine.

Tho' in vision, sweet lady, perhaps you may smile,
Oh! think not my pleasure deficient,
When dreams of thy presence my pains can beguile,
To awake will be torment sufficient.

HERE'S A HEALTH TO ALL GOOD LASSES.

Here's a health to all good lasses—
Pledge it merrily, fill your glasses,
Let the bumper toast go round,
May they live a life of pleasure,
Without mixture, without measure,
For in that true joys are found.

THE [illegible] TREE.

By J. A. Hardwick.

Air—Lucy Neal.

Oh, how we cling, as age comes on, to sports of olden times!
How dearly we remember our youthe' festive Christmas rhymes!
With its happy, happy hours, and its joyful days of glee,
But none lives like the memory of dear childhood's Christmas tree.

Oh, the gifted Christmas tree—the glittering Christmas tree—
Oh, that I were a boy again, to hail the Christmas tree.

Pure-hearted childhood loves the flow'rs and sweet scented May,
And the perfumed rose, the daisies red, and fragrant new-mown hay;
But not for colour, beauty, or its wild luxuriance free,
But for its lovely home-joys—how it loves the Christmas tree,

The glowing Christmas tree—my parents made for me,
Oh, would I were a child again, to hail the Christmas tree.

No joy implanted in the child's heart ever wholly dies,
And, like a green spot in the desert, rest and shade supplies;
When wearied with the troublous world, at Christmas time we see
Once more that happy relic of past years—the Christmas tree.

Loved, cherished Christmas tree—all else may fade but thee,
Oh, that I were a boy once more, to hail the Christmas tree.

At joyful Christmas time, young manhood loves mistletoe,
And the venerable sire loves the holly's crimson glow;
But childhood, angel childhood, worships, deep and truthfully,
The shining many coloured, hope inspiring Christmas tree.

The glorious Christmas tree—the fairy Christmas tree,
Oh, that I were, but young again, to hail the Christmas tree.

As time glides, cares encrust our hearts, as rings encase the oak,
Until the "silver cord is loosed, the golden bow is broke,"
But, the friends, familiar places, and times fade from memory,
May our hearts keep pure, as when we first beheld the Christmas tree.

Dear cherished Christmas tree—beloved Christmas tree!
Blessed childhood, happy be you, with your Christmas tree.

THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

Written by J. A. Hardwick.

Air—Auld Lang Syne.

'Twas a gay Christmas night, and the yule log was burning,
The household sang many a sweet carol and lay,
But the hearts of the sire and the mother were yearning,
For the youngest son, absent, an outcast, away.
The old folks rejoiced, but 'twas tempered with sadness,
Long years had departed since Norman had fled,
And long weary watching had chastened their gladness,
Had bowed them to earth, and had silvered each head.
Oh, Norman, oh, Norman, they wept sadly mourning,
Oh, Norman,—oh, Norman, when wilt thou return.

In the flush of life's morning, home, kindred all scorning,
Young Norman departed, the cold world to roam;
Until, like the Prodigal, in bitter tears mourning,
Youth, substance, all wasted, he longed for his home.
Heart-broken and weary, faint, famished, and parching,
None gave him to eat, and none asked him to rest,
From the rude battling world, back to childhood's home marching,
The wanderer returns, like the dove to her nest.
Oh, Norman!—oh, Norman! his parents' eye mourning,—
Oh, Norman,—oh, Norman, when wilt thou return,

Light hearts they are bounding, and bright eyes are glistening,
The mistletoe swings and the red berries glow
In the fire's ruddy light—but the old folks are listening
To a voice and a footfall, faint, failing and low,
Hark, hark,—what was that? 'tis the wicket gate creaking,
The dog barks, but not as if strangers are there,
And Nature's voice, strong in the parents' hearts speaking,
Sings melody sweet, to that aged stricken pair
Oh, Norman, oh, Norman,—half hopefully mourning,
Oh, Norman,—oh, Norman, and dost thou return.

He lifted the latch, and this care worn lost brother
Cried 'Father forgive me for what I have done,
Quick beat the hearts of his sister and mother,
And fast flowed their tears for the Prodigal son.
Forgive thee—the old man cried, while he caressed him,
Yea, freely, my son, as the Lord will and can,
He is truly repentant, he said, and still pressed him,
Who can ask for forgiveness of God and of man.

Oh, Norman—oh, Norman, deep joyfully murmering,
Lost Norman—son Norman—we welcome thee home.

YE VERITABLE HISTORIE OF JACKE, YE GIANTE KILLER.

Comic Medley.

Written for, and Sung by, Mr. George Ford.

J. A. Hardwick.

Introduction, Air :—"Calais Packet."

It was once on a time, that the usual phraseology,
When a fairy, a giant, or ghost tale is told,
And, in spite of the march of "Electro Biology,"
And other new fashions, we'll stick to the old.
Well, 'twas once on a time, then, in town and Metropolis,
In the land there were Giants, a mile or two high
But we've not Giants now, only Giant monopolies
And for Jack to put them down, why, that's all my eye.

"Nursery Rhyme."

Of Jack and the Giants, and how all occurred.
When we were all young, as big children have heard;
How he cut off their heads—
Pulled them out of their beds,—
And invited himself, without sending them word.
Perhaps you may think that the History's old,
But I, in this prelude, will just be so bold,
As to venture to say—
Till this very day,
The story has never been properly told.

"Chaunt."

Well, then, to begin—you must know it was in
The reign of Good King Arthur,
In Cornwall lived a man of fame—a Giant killer,
and Jack was his name,
And a farmer was his father.
And on Cornwalls' Mount lived a ravenous Giant
Whose conscience was so very pliant,
That instead of paying Duty—for what he seiz'd as booty,—
The people's oxen and sheep—he carried off by the heap—
And such havoc he made—by his style of free trade—
That the farmers were all in dejection,
For in spite of all their loss—their landlord, of course,—
Would'nt lower the rents—on not no pretence—
Tho' the free trade Giant's hand—had stripped half the land—
At least, so they said,—and they heartily prayed
For some one to give them protection.

"Bronze Horse."

Then Jack, the farmer's valiant son,
He'd slay the Giant, at once declared;
Before the morn it should be done,
And in the night he a pit pr pared.
He covered it o'er with sticks and straw,
Which made it look like level land;
Then blew his horn, the Giant to draw
Into the pitfall he had planned.
His ogreship came rushing on,
Fell into the snare, and soon was done,
By a finishing knock from Master John.
Thats' the end of Giant number one.

"Chaunt."

Then the farmers did rejoice—and Jack, by every voice,
Was call the Giant Killer, and by all adored.
"Here's the valiant Cornish Man—who slew the Giant Cornoran,"
Was the legend they inscribed on his bran new sword.

"Yankee Doodle"

Another Giant, who heard the news
Of Jack's a "Coun D. eat" determined
If he caught John, he'd bury him,
Uncoffin'd, and unsermoned.
This Giant kept in slavery,
('Twas a bit of Yankee lana)
Some knights and ladies, and his name
Was Fee-fo-fum-iana.

"Angel's Whisper:"

As Jack lay a sleeping—in a Wood, there came creeping
Fee-fo-fum-iana, and grimly, said he,
"Oh, I'll toast you, and warm you—and I beg to inform you,
Mr Jackey, you'll make a nice breakfast for me.'

"O, Susannah."

Fee-fo-fum then he took Jack home, upon his brawny back,
And went to fetch another Giant, to help him feast on Jack.
Says he, "I've fead on flesh and fowl, and many a dainty Snack,
And also curious kinds of fish, but never yet on Jack.
Oh, Mr. Johnny, how delicate you'll be,
I'm going to fetch a friend of mine, to dine along with me."

"Over Water to Charlie."

Jack discovered two ropes—and that gave him hopes,
For in in them his deliverance centred;
He a noose made in each—to their heads down to reach,
And strangle 'em both, as they entered.
He dropped 'em down straight, as they passed thro' the gate,
And throttle 'em both, without warning,
With just as much pity as Jack Ketch, at eight,
In the good old times, each Monday morning.

"May Pole."

The Giants being done—o'er the Castle he run.
To see what there was for to see!
When he hastily dined—he then, very kind,
Set the hungry prisoners free.
The knights being nearly done brown, he let 'em all quietly die,
But the ladies fair—why, Jack and them there,
They knocked up a small Nunnery.

"A Frog he would, &c."

Still Giants he would pursuing go—Heigho, Jack and the Giants,
In his marvellous coat of invisible blue,
With his helter-skelter—slaying—and slaying 'em
Oh, what a fellow for Giants!

"Barclay's Drayman."

At last each heard—they brought him word,
That the daughter of Prince Agamo,
Was close confined—against her mind,
By a wicked Necromancer.
Soon on the morn—he put on a clean shirt,
In a small brown paper parcel,
And rode away—at break of day,
To the wizard's Enchanted Castle.

"Fine old English Gentleman."

This Enchanter kept a Giant, and two Dragons' for a guard,
His Castle shone, a "Blaze of triumph," from Dungeon to Court yard,
The shining walls resembled much, so flowed the golden mass,
A London Gin Shop Palace, or Moses' Mart, lit up with gas,
There were Enchanted Castles, no doubt, in olden times.

"Vulcan's Cave."

Arrived, Jack saw, wrote up below—
"Whoever can this trumpet blow,
The Wizard soon shall overthrow—
And free the prince's daughter."
Jack, being invisible, nothing feared,
But soon the golden trumpet seared,
And blew a blast which when they "heer'd,"
They, as Jonathan would say, were "skeered."
Jack Mesmerized the Giant, they say,
On a dragon the Wizard flew away,
And Jack was married, that very day,
To the Prince's lovely daughter.

There's one thing more, I tell it wit—
This Palace was of Crystal built,
And Jack to floor it, thought no guilt,
In spite of the Prince's daughter.
She begged he'd let it charm the town,
But he replied, "Love do not frown,
I'll make a promise to the crown,
It shall and so it does come down."
Then Jack grew famous, far and wide,
A numerous family were his pride,
And he lived some years— until he died—
With his Bride, the Prince's daughter.

INVADERS BEWARE; OR,

OUR RIFLE VOLUNTEERS.

A New Serio-Comic Patriotic Song.
J. A. Hardwick.

"Air.—Ballooning."

The French are always bragging of invading Britain's Isle,
But it only frightens spoonies, and makes brave John Bull smile;
Does the gallic Cock imagine that the British Lion's asleep?
Not a bit, he's wide awake, and a Careful watch does keep.

CHORUS.

Let Invaders come in Thousands, &c. I'll receive 'em with three Cheers.
Will guard against them, the Rifle Volunteers.
With his Zouaves and braves long bearded Louis Nap may hope to win;
But take a lesson, Frenchman, you'd soon have to give in.
You may think about revenging the loss of Waterloo,
But you'd find that it would give another Waterloo for you.
Let Invaders come in Thousands, &c.

From Charing Cross to Camberwell, from Battle Bridge to Bow,
For Rifle practice Volunteering now is all the go;
Let the world come armed against us, we do not care a jot,
With our wooden walls, and balls, we can soon polish off the lot.
Let Invaders come in thousands, &c.

Scout the "Cat" from out the Army, and the Navy, too as well,
And not a plundering enemy will ever back to tell,
Should they Venture on Invasion, the reception they re-ieve!
Let invaders come in thousands, &c.

Martial orders fills the minds of our rural population,
And town with Country vies to defend the English Nation,
Even Wellington on Cornhill, and Nelson on the Strand,
If necerary, down would come, to give a helping hand.
Let Invaders come in thousands, &c.

Eight hundred years of liberty we've had, and dont mean, now
To any Continental vile despotism to bend,
This the only land of freedom is, and so we will it keep
While Britannia has her sons, to hold the Empire of the deep,
Let Invaders come in thousands, &c.

March on, ye valiant Volunteers, to sound of bugle horns,
And when you practice, mind your Rifles do'nt drop on your corns,
And all the pretty girls will be hailing with three cheers
The Defenders of their Country, our Rifle Volunteers.
Let Invaders come in thousands, they'll find about their ears
They've brought a hornets nest, with our Rifle Volunteers.
Tol-di-rol-lo-re.

OUR NATIONAL DEFENCES.

England, island of bliss! amid the subject seas
That thunder round thy rocky coasts, set up,
At once the wonder, terror, and delight
Of distant nations; whose remotest shores
Can soon be shaken by thy naval arm;
Not to be shook thyself, but all assaults
Baffling, as thy hoar cliffs the loud sea wave!

CHRISTMAS CAPERS.

Tune—Dicky Birds.

Hallo, now! what's the row? are the people all
mad?
No, you flat—every brat knows 'tis Christmas
come again.
'Here's your lovely holly, marm!' the costermonger
hath,
'To flare up in your window, or to warnish your
walls.'
Let's be gay while we may,
With lots of grog to cheer;
Glasses prime—Christmas time
Only comes but once a year.

At butchers' shops, hundreds stops, for at Christmas they're the chief—
Married ribs pull their jibs at the splendid ribs of beef;
The cockney cakes all stare, amaz'd at what oil cakes have done,
For there's fat enough for candles full a hundred years to come.

Grocers, too, windows strew with sweets to curb your chaps—
Sugar candy, just the dandy, to suck away the hours.
The spices go off spicy, and plummy, too, the plums,
The currants, too, as usual, have some very rapid runs.

Sucking pigs without their wigs, turkies tempting hang about,
Lard and suet, sure to do it, rises twopence in the pound—
Such a cheat for this and that—scarcely eggs to make the duff—
Tradesmen swear it isn't fair, fowls won't lay 'em fast enough.

Each gin palace, full of malice, cheap gin and porter boast,
And try, by the bye, which can poison people most.
The call just now for spirits is so spirited in town,
In their mouth folks want a railroad to get it faster down.

Logs burning, spits turning, for a scrumptious mortal gorge—
Well I never! Did you ever? since the days of old King George.
Pies and puddings—hot and good ones—boil and bubble in each street—
People treating, for their eating seem in a boiling heat.

Casks and barrels—Christmas carols, squalling, bawling out in style—
Coppers smoking—women poking up their fires to get a blue.
Fiddlers, fifers, jolly pipers, and drummers, too, appears,
With noise enough to split the drums of everybody's ears.

Dinner's done—lots of fun, now they've put away the feed—
Dice and cards, gallopades, or singing, takes the lead;
Maidens blush, maids grow, and bachelors assume,
When they take the tipsy mistletoe being handed round the room.

Elder hot, from the pot, now works its way around,
Till its strength makes their length pay homage to the ground.
At last they all get taken with a swimming in the head,
And being half seas over, they go swimming home to bed.

THE HOLLY! THE HOLLY!

A traveller have I been from birth,
A traveller must I be;
Yet ne'er saw I the tree on earth,
That's like the holly tree!
Beneath the palm I've found relief,
Beneath the great banyan;
But nothing's like the holly leaf
Unto an Englishman.
The holly—the holly with berries red,
That garlands the snows of old winter's head.

The cedars are a mighty thing,
They form'd the temple's roof;
The oak it is a forest king,
With trunk of tempest proof;
The cocoa cures a thirsty grief,
As well as tea or can;
But nought is like the holly leaf
Unto an Englishman.

The laurel pays the poet's needs,
The laurel soldier's wins;
But lattice gems with holly beads
As red as hearts within,
To make the traveller's sorrows hurl,
Take off the pilgrim's ban;
No!—nought is like the holly leaf
Unto an Englishman.

THE SONG OF CHRISTMAS.

Tho' the wind blow, tho' the snow fall,
We laugh at old care to-day;
They're dancing and singing in bower and hall,
And we'll be as merry as they.
The misletoe hangs on the rafters high—
Fill, fill every bosom with cheer,
For Christmas was meant for jollity,
And cometh but once a year.
Then deck up your houses with holly.

Bring in the haunch, let the hearth blaze,
Eat, drink, and chase every pain—
With joyous old carol of bygone days,
We seem to live over again.
Then what care we for a wintry sky,
Who dream but of sunshine here?
Why, Christmas was made for jollity,
And cometh but once a year.
Then deck up your houses with holly.

THE CHRISTMAS PLUM PUDDING.

The Christmas plum pudding!
Last Tuesday, inside
With the Christmas logs
The cook she declared
There
And with the things in it it seemed to be,
Oh, the Christmas plum pudding!
Oh, the Christmas plum pudding!
Now, don't keep me waiting," the old lady cried,
(for some boys with the servants their brothers),
she spied;
Then some friends she said, made me dolly
With the
So the cook shortly took off the cover of the pot,
But to her surprise found there was not
She fainted away in the place yat she stood in,
Bawlin' aloud for the Christmas plum pudding.

They sought it that house they sought it that day,
They sought it in vain all the live long day,
In the cupboards, the pantry, and again in the pot,
The cook-maid sought vindy, but found it not.
Two weeks roll'd by, but oh! at last
It vos told as a
And when they all knew it, the old lady cried—
Oh, see this ere cook this ere pudding has spied!

A
On the stump of a
This very plum pudding lay mouldering there,
Making all kept the servants
Those urchins quicksilver
So it jumped out the
Then it lodged in a hedge on the stump of a tree,
And had been lying there ever since.

HOT CODLINGS.

A little old woman a living she got,
By selling hot codlings, hot, hot, hot;
This little old woman, as I've been told,
Though her codlings were hot, grew monstrous cold.
And to keep herself warm, she thought it no sin,
To go and get herself a drop of——Tol lol, &c.

This little old woman set off in a trot,
For to get her a quartern of hot, hot, hot;
She swallow'd one glass, and it was so nice,
That she tipp'd off another in a trice;
The glass she filled till the bottle shrunk,
And this little old woman I am told got——

This little old woman, while muzzy she got,
Some boys stole her codlings, hot, hot, hot;
Powder under the pan put, and in it round stones,
Says this little old woman, 'These codlings are bones,'
So powder the pan plump in her face did send,
Which set this little woman on her feet——

This little old woman got up in a trot,
All in a fury, hee, hot, hot;
Said she, "The like of these little boys never was known,
For they never will let a poor woman alone."
Now here's a moral, round let it be buzz'd,
If you wish to sell hot codlings you should never get——

[illegible]

Please, hearts and voices cheer
A
To
Tol
The joy of having bliss
And friendship to the
Merry Christmas, thou will be,
As in the days of yore,
A scene of gay festivity,
And jocund mirth once more.
Christmas! oh, how welcome, thou
Thy old familiar friend,
Will every hour attend.

OLD CHRISTMAS IS COME.

Old Christmas again shows his white frosted head,
With his evergreen holly, and berries so red;
Once more the glad song goes round,
And nought is heard but mirth's jovial sound—
From simple small cottage, to proud vaulted dome,
Old Christmas is come.

Oh, bright the yule log on the red embers gleams,
Which illumines the glances that merrily beam
From many soft eyes, while thought is intent,
On
Wherever
Mirth
Old Christmas is come.

FORTY WINKS.

[illegible]
My malady was
I in my tea took brandy,
And took a drop too much.
(*yawns.*) Tol de rol, &c.

But stop, I must not nag hard—
Excuse me if I yawn.
One pinch of Irish Blackguard,
To give me ease.
(*yawns.*) Tol de rol, &c.

Now I'm quite drowsy growing,
I rose when cock was crowing—
Excuse me if I yawn.
(*yawns.*) Tol de rol, &c.

Love and windy colic,
(*twice.*) Tol de rol, &c.

I'm not in mood for crying,
Care's a silly calf;
If to get fat you're trying,
The only way's to laugh.
(*laughs.*) Tol de rol, &c.

THE BATCHELOR'S
HOUSEWARMING PARTY.

'Tis true that a Batchelor leads a snug life,
Having all things in Apple-pie order,
No noisy children, no scolding Wife
For that an distraction must Border
If two or three Gents he should ask home to dine
Like himself in the single cause hearty
They're content with a chop a few bottles of wine
And enjoy a real Batchelors Party.

No Puffy Papa's no quick sighted Mama's
With their daughters all deck'd out so smartly
Making use of their eyes, to nibble a prize
From the Crowd at a Batchelors Party.

Now just such a life for a short time I led,
Till Somehow—but how I cant 'tell Sir—
To take a large house I took in my head,
And for it I've paid pretty well Sir.
Of my house all declar'd the appointments complete
But to bring it all of with "eclat" see
To married and single I must give a treat;
Just a Batchelors Home warming Party.

Where Puffy Papa's &c.

We'd dancing at nine (which we kept up till six)—
Th' evening bid fair to be gay Sir—
For the Batchelors play'd off such nice Monkey tricks,
And such pretty soft things had to say Sir.
'Mong Old Maids' 'till that night I had been quite a pet,
But when waltzing with dear Miss Macarthy—
"They could very well see my affections were set"
"On the star of my Batchelor's Party."

Where Puffy Papa's &c.—

From that very night I may date all my cares,
It really seem'd pick'd out by fate, Sir.
One poor "podgy" gentleman tumbled down stairs
And broke about nine dozen plates, Sir,
The clock had struck one—all the very giddy pates
Left their dancing, their whist or ecarte,
For a beautiful supper without any plates—
On the night of my Batchelors Party.

Where puffy Papa's &c.

The trifles and Ices had melted away,
The Jellies were running like oil, Sir.
I looked very grave though I tried to be gay,
For the wine tasted all on the boil Sir;—
From the heat of the room, ladies fainted outright.
Among them Miss Mary Macarthy,
When o'er her I threw the sweet sauce in my fright
On the night of my Batchelors Party.

Where puffy Papa's &c.

When the dance was resumed with the plump lady Pote,
In the first set I thought I would flirt Sir,
When I stumbled and right up the back split my coat,
And tore from the body her skirt Sir.
The Coffee at five was as cold as a stone,
But the Mother of sweet Miss Macarthy,
Said quite a la hand she expected that I'd be over
She'd conduct at my very next party.
Now no Puffy Papa's
And quick sighted Mama's
With their daughters all deck'd out so smartly
Fatigued with the fun,
Dropped off one by one
From my first and last Batchelors Party.

"With the rich Widow Green, Cap. Grey of the Blues,"
Ran off as we heard the next day Sir;
Above twenty more I could name did I choose
Who've acted in the same way Sir;
'Tis certain that night lots of matches were made,
And as to Miss Mary Macarthy,—
Her cards her Mamma had so very well played
'Twas indeed my last Batchelors Party.
For long I'd not tarried
Before I was married
To the beautiful Mary Macarthy,
And my Mother-in-law
With the greatest eclat,
Conducted my very next Party.

ENGLAND.

National Song.

Words by Gerald Massey, Music by Edward Clare.

There she sits in her Island home,
Peerless among her Peers,
And slowly on to her arms doth come
To gaze the poor heart of tears.
England still throbs with a muffled fire
Of a past she can ne'er forget,
And still shall she banner the world up higher
For there's life in the old land yet.
For there's life in the old land yet.
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
There's life in the old land yet.
There's life, &c., &c.—

They may scoff who of old look'd forth,
In their fear when they heard her roar,
But loud is your wail, poor Kings of the earth
When the old Land goes forth to war
The aval anch trembles half reft and half riven
Her voice shall in motion set,
Then ring out the tidings ye winds of Heaven,
For there's life in the old land yet.
For there's life &c., &c —

Let the storm burst—'twill find the old Land
Ready ripe for a rough red fray,
She'll fight as she fought when she took her stand
For the right in the olden day.
Raise the w... sword "May God Defend the Right!"
Then our arms shall in Victory set,
And under the Banner will nobly fight,
For there's life in the old land yet.
For there's life &c., &c.—

'TWAS ON A SUNDAY MORNING

'Twas on a Sunday morning, before the bells did peal,
A letter came thro' my window with Cupid on its seal,
And soon I heard a whisper, at first but faintly stole,
'Twas [illegible]

The morn had been but cloudy, my heart had felt no gloom,
But soon a golden sunlight filled all my little room,
I kissed the letter, guarded with ribbons, flowers, and rings,
'Twas on a Sunday morning, before the bells did ring.

Good was he, and handsomer than any in the land,
He vowed to me his true heart, his faithful heart and hand,
I hurried thro' the garden, and back the gate did swing,
'Twas on a Sunday morning, before the bells did ring.

My foot the field had turned, and on its path did rest,
When in his arms he caught me, and pressed me to his breast,
A smile was on his fond up, sweet smiles that love can bring,
'Twas on a Sunday morning, before the bells did ring.

MINNIE.

When the sun is high in the bright blue sky,
And the soft winds sigh through the grove,
'Mid the fragrance of flow'rs and the green spreading bowers,
A sweet voice oft invites me to rove.
"Oh, Minnie! dear Minnie! come o'er the lea,
For the sun's beaming high in the cloudless sky,
And a true heart is waiting for thee,
A true heart is waiting for thee."

In the silent night, when the moon shines bright,
And the pale stars faintly peep,
At my window I hear the same voice sweet and clear,
Calling softly while mother's asleep,
"Oh, Minnie! dear Minnie! come o'er the lea:"
Then, without a reply, like a bird, soon I fly,
To the heart that is waiting for me,
The heart that is waiting for me.

BEN BOLT.

Oh! don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,
Sweet Alice with hair hazel brown,
She wept with delight when you gave her a smile,
And trembled with fear at your frown,
In the old churchyard in the valley, Ben Bolt,
In a corner, obscure and alone,
They have fitted a slab of granite so grey,
And sweet Alice lies under the stone.
They have fitted a slab of granite so grey,
And sweet Alice lies under the stone.

Oh! don't you remember the wood, Ben Bolt,
And the green sunny slope of the hill;
Where oft we have sung 'neath its wide spreading shade,
And kept time to the click of the mill.

[illegible]
And a quiet now reigns all around,
See, the old rustic [illegible] roses so sweet,
Lies scatter'd and fallen to the ground.
[illegible] the old [illegible] path, &c.

Oh! don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt,
And the master so kind and so true,
And the little nook by the clear running brook,
We gather'd the flow'rs in so many,
O'er the master's grave grows the [illegible] Ben Bolt,
And the [illegible] little [illegible] is now dry,
And of all the friends who were schoolmates then,
There's [illegible], Ben, but you and I.
And of all the friends, &c.

THE COTTAGE AND MILL.

Have you seen the new cottage, just built by the squire?
And is it not all a fond heart can desire?
With its [illegible] white gate, which half open doth stand,
And the clustering roses seem courting your hand,
It its garden so trim, that you cannot but stay
To gather the freshness, and bear them away.
Yes! often I stroll to the church on the hill,
Where I viewed the old cottage, and old water mill.
Yes! [illegible] viewed the old cottage and old water mill,
And through the green meadows there rippled the rill,
And welcome were we in the good miller's train,
When the mill and the master were both in their prime.
And oft as we joined in the gay rustic throng,
Have we chorussed the laugh, as we chorussed the song.
But now, as I stroll to the church on the hill,
I view but the ruins of cottage and mill.

Our friend has departed, the mill has decayed,
And Time, I confess, has come and changes made,
But time, as we know, like the mill goeth round,
New faces smile kindly, with hearts full and sound,
Yet fancy still echoes the merry click-clack,
A I ramble, in thought, to the church on the hill,
Where I viewed the old cottage, and old water mill.

CHARLIE.

Oh! my heart is gay as a summer day,
When Charlie's by my side;
In the coming spring the bells will ring,
For I shall be his bride!
Ah! yes, his bride soon I shall be;
He, who is all, all the world to me!
Oh! were Charlie king, or the bravest knight
That ever banner bore,
I should not feel more proud than now,
Nor love him, love him more;
Were Charlie king or the bravest knight,
I could not love him more.

Oh! his step is light, and his eye is bright,
As morning's radiant beam!
Of him I think the live long day,
Of him at night I dream;
Ah! yes his bride soon I shall be;
He who is all, all the world to me.

Oh, were Charlie king, &c.

UP WITH THE STANDARD

Hark! hear the drums roaring,
List! list! 'tis the growl of the bear;
Above the proud eagle is soaring,
The Crescent seems blighting the sun,
The steed with impatience is pawing,
The flag of rude war is unfurled,
The trumpet's wild note is braying,
And thus speaks the voice of the world:
Then up with the standard of England,
Our watchword alone be "Advance!"
Up, up with the standard of England,
And raise the brave banner of France.

'Tis fearful that life should be wasted,
'Tis dreadful that blood should be shed,
That the horrors of war should be tasted,
That ravens and wolves should be fed;
All that honour permits has been borne,
Every mild art of peace has been tried,
Meditation been met with foul scorn,
And now, "war to the knife" is the decide.
Then united by sea and by land,
Let old England and France hand in hand,
Show the world that equals in fame,
"Down, down with the tyrant" the cry,
'Tis for conquest and justice we fight,
So forward to conquer or die.

THE OLD SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER

Oh! do you remember the old Soldier's daughter?
Fair as the morning in spring time was she?
And many a lover all vainly had sought her,
For still she was distant as maiden may be.
"Dear father," she cried, "with thee let me tarry,
Though lowly our cottage, a home 'tis to me,
I vow I've made that I never will marry,
Oh! let me live happy, dear father, with thee."

But vain was the vow of the old Soldier's daughter,
Young Patrick he wooed her, though humble was he,
He knelt at her feet, to his bosom he caught her,
And whisper'd, "Oh say, when our bridal shall be.
"Dear father," she cried, "'twere a pity to tarry,
A cow and a cottage has Patrick for me,
So dearly he loves me, I'm tempted to marry,
And both will be happy, dear father, with thee."

And calm was the home of the old Soldier's daughter,
Her Patrick beside her, her babe on her knee,
The aged man blessed them, and thus would he utter,
For none were so cheerful, so happy as she.
And fain would he linger to gaze on her,
Till death gently call'd him, then, ere he went,
She still blessed the lips that could utter,
Saying, "Patrick, thy love is the world,
love to me."

FOR EVER

Fair is the lily, sweet the blushing rose,
Is fitting type for our own island Queen,
Sweet as the blushing rose to lay
She twines the laurel round her auburn
With natural graces, all her charms
hearts."

The heart of Old England, the
The shield of our freedom and glory,
Whose deeds are recorded in story.
No foe could her strength e'er dissever;
Here's the Queen and the Navy for ever!
When war spread destruction and terror
Free from carnage and spoil was the land of our birth,
Through the brave British tars on the ocean,
Long life to their glory
The evergreen laurel ne'er sever;
But this
The Queen and the Navy for ever!

KATTY AVOURNEEN.

'Twas a cold winter's night, and the tempest was snarling,
The snow like a sheet covered cabin and sty;
When Barney, flew over the hills to his darling,
And rapp'd at the window where Katty did lie.
"Arrah, jewel," says he "are you sleepin' or wakin'?
It's a cold bitter night, and my coat it is thin,
The storm is a brewin', the frost is a bakin',
O, Katty avourneen, you must let me in."

"Ah, then Barney," says Kate, and she spoke through the window,
"How could you be takin' me out of our bed?
To come at this time it's a shame and a sin, too,
It's whiskey, not love has got into your head.
If your heart it was true, of my fame you'd be tender;
Consider the time and there's nobody in;
What has a poor girl but her name to defend her,
No, Barney Avourneen, I won't let you in."

"A-cush-la," says he, "it's my eye is a fountain,
That weeps for the wrong I
door;
Your name is more white than the snow on the mountain,
And Barney would die to deserve it at parting,
I'll go to my home though the winter winds blow me,
I'll whistle them off, for I'm happy within,
And the words of the Katty shall comfort me,
"No, Barney Avourneen, I won't let you in."

RED, WHITE AND BLUE.

Oh, Britannia's the Bride of the Ocean,
The theme of the heart and the lyre,
Thy name is of exalted devotion,
The world's own homage to thee.
All thy grandeur, hence resemble,
Where liberty's form stands in view,
Thy tanners make tyrants tremble,
When born by the red, white, and blue.

When war, with its clouds of dismay,
And threaten'd the land to deform,
The ark of Freedom's foundation,
Britannia, rode safe through the storm;
With her garland of Victory round her,
So bravely she bore up her crew,
And her flag floated proudly before her,
The boast of the red, white and blue.

The wine cup, the wine cup, bring hither,
And fill it up true to the brim,
May the wreath Nelson won never wither,
Nor the star of his glory grow dim,
May the service united ne'er sever,
But still to her colours prove true,
The Army and Navy for ever!
Three cheers for the red, white, and blue.

THE STANDARD BEARER.

Upon the tented field, a minstrel knight,
Beside his standard, lonely watch is keeping.
And thus, 'mid the stillness of the night,
He strikes his lute, and sings while all are sleeping
"The lady of my love I will not name,
Altho' I wear her colours as a token,
But I will fight for liberty and fame,
Beneath the flag where first our vows were spoken."

The night is past, the conflict comes with dawn,
The minstrel knight is seen each foe defying;
While death and carnage onward still are borne,
His song is heard 'mid thousands round him dying:
"The lady of my love I will not name,
Altho' I wear her colours as a token,
But I will fight for liberty and fame,
Beneath the flag where first our vows were spoken."

Stern Death, now raised, quits the gory plain;
The life-blood from the warrior hard is streaming,
Still on his flag he rests his head with pain,
And faintly sings, his eye with fervour beaming
"The lady of my love I will not name,
I still preserve her colours as a token;
I fought and fell, for liberty and fame,
And never has my knightly vow been broken.

THE HAPPY DAYS OF YORE.

My heart is gladly beating, as I tread the scene once more,
Where boyhood gaily revell'd, in the happy days of yore:
And I greet the zephyr's melody, that round me sweetly plays,
For its tune is still as joyous, as it was in childhood's days.

That once so fair, by time is sadly alter'd now,
For the glossy raven tresses in which that brow was drest,
Have faded 'neath the hand of time into a snowy crest.

The green and smiling meadow, the bed of fragrant thyme,
The flowers fair, all seem to wear the dress of olden time;
The wavelets on the river, still seek their sandy track,
And vanish like the golden hopes, that never can come back.

MINNIE MOORE.

In last night's dream I saw again
Sweet faces I adore,
'Mid others, one an old schoolmate—
Dear, gentle Minnie Moore.
And glided o'er my dreaming mind
Not only those I know,
But memories of so many scenes,
All linked with Minnie too;
A thousand thoughts of childhood's days,
Of innocence and glee
For I was all the world to her,
And she the world to me.

How oft, when on our way to school,
We'd stray beside the brooks,
And gath'ring wild flowers by their side,
We'd quite forget our books,
And trifle half the day away,
In some old mossy dell;
And, going home at night, I'd coax
Dear Minnie not to tell.
Such memories are by far more dear
Than wealth of classic lore,
Unfolding thoughts of sunny hours,
Of youth and Minnie Moore.

OH! HAD I BUT ALADDIN'S LAMP.

Oh! had I but Aladdin's lamp,
If only for a day,
I'd try and find a link to bind
The joys that pass away.
I'd try to bring an angel's wing
Upon this earth again,
And build true worth a home on earth
A home beloved by men.
It should be May, and always May;
I'd wreath the world with flowers,
I'd robe the barren wilderness,
And bring the happy hours.

I'd soothe the lorn and desolate;
Increase the widows store,
And industry should wear a smile
It never wore before.
Where'er there dwelt unhappiness,
I'd use my magic sway,
And none should be in poverty;
Or dread the coming day.
It should be May, &c.

A DREAM OF THE CHRISTMAS PARTY.

New Comic Song. *J. A. Hardwick.*

Air—"Adam and Eve."

THE festive time of last December,
A Christmas-day I well remember;
I had an invite to a party,
All kind old friends, with a welcome hearty.
They always kept up Christmas rarely,
And never broke up till 'twas early;
What with snap-dragon, wine, and kissing,
The fleeting hours no one was missing.
Cho.—After I had dined out hearty,
I had this dream of the Christmas party.

It was about four in the morning,
As very sleepy, tired, and yawning,
Into bed I tumbled, without undressing,
Which was quite wrong, and proved distressing.
Quickly I fell into sound slumber,
When images my brain did cumber;
Some curious feelings came stealing o'er me,
And funny visions passed before me.
After I had dined out hearty, &c.

I thought I stood in the frozen regions,
With Polar bears around me—legions;
Who round about me kept on scouring,
And seemed all bent on me devouring.
Then the skeletons of Franklin's crew, sirs,
Up, down, and round about me flew, sirs;
And with grim smiles, quite melancholy,
Wished me a merry Christmas jolly.
After I had dined out hearty, &c.

The scene then changed to burning "Indy,"
And I found myself in a shindy
With murderous-looking, black rapscallions,
And ragged Sepoy tatterdemalions.
In unknown gibberish they addressed me,
And to become a pagan pressed me,
Or else, the wretches did assure me,
They'd quickly for a roasting skewer me.
After I had dined out hearty, &c.

Another change—a giant opossum
Sat himself upon my bosom;
And pressed me down, till nearly strangled,
And my phisog. nicely mangled.
Then I thought my late host, Mr. Trifle,
Shot the beast with a hunting rifle;
And that respected generous creature,
To an Indian turned, with hideous feature.
After I had dined out hearty, &c.

I fainted, but was very speedy,
Pounced upon by a Tiger greedy;
I thought in a jungle I was lying,
And gave myself up quite for dying.
Then the Tiger changed to a rival fellow,
Who danced at the party with my Arabella,
Had cut me out; he with a kind gripe,
Seized me, remorseless, by the windpipe.
After I had dined out hearty, &c.

We had a fearful struggle together,
Till up he caught me, like a feather;
And pitched me down a torrent boldly,
I felt my blood all running coldly.
My hair stood on end with a rock, sir,
That woke me and I found the clock, sir,
Fast on to the morning did hasten,
And there was my head in the crash-hand bason.
Then I dressed, after supping hearty,
At the jolly Christmas Party;
Gents, mind you don't stuff too hearty
When you go to a Christmas Party.

TAKE YOUR TIME, YOUNG MAIDENS!

Lady's new Comic Song. *J. A. Hardwick.*
Sung by Miss Clifton. *Air—"Lucy Long."*

Fair damsels, pray you tarry,
Ere you do give your consent;
For to be in haste to marry,
Is at leisure to repent.
When young men you come courting,
Listen well to all they say;
But awhile keep with them sporting,
And be sure don't name the day.

Cho.—Take your time, young maidens,
Take your time, my dears;
Keep in suspense your lovers,
And play with their hopes and fears.

Should you possess but money,
How tenderly they'll woo;
And vow a life all honey,
They will ensure to you.
But, damsels, don't believe all
The treacherous creatures say;
Young fellows do deceive all
Who come into their way.
Then, take your time, young maidens, &c.

Be sure, each beau that offers
His hand and heart to you,
Ascertain if, in his coffers,
He has cash enough for two.
If you but wed a fellow,
Without the means to live,
You'll soon turn old and yellow,
And your life wish up to give.
So, take your time, young maidens, &c.

All widowers beware of,
They seldom are much good;
Fight shyly such a snare of,
As you the Old Scratch would;
For, if children he possesses,
You'll ne'er know comfort more;
And, in spite of your caresses,
Be called cruel mother-in-law.
Just take your time, young maidens, &c.

I don't say, never marry,
But, look before you leap;
A while you'd better tarry,
And single yourselves keep.
So, when your beaux come courting,
With sighing, crying looks;
Like fishes with them be sporting,
And keep them on the hooks.
So, take your time, young maidens &c